

Congress is again at work. The principal business before it appears to be the contested election cases, and until these are settled—and settled they will be on the good old Republican office-stealing plan of "heads I win, tails you lose"—we need look for nothing of more general interest to the people who pay for all the fun.

The arguments in the Guiteau trial are now being made, and we may expect an early termination to the monkey show? Not any! The jury will either hang or convict; if the former, the whole ground will have to be gone over again. If the latter, there are many loop-holes for Guiteau to crowd through to a second trial, if not to liberty. Counsel on both sides have warmed to their work, and the "arguments" now being made consist principally of overflow of personal ill-will between the contending forces. We do not think the like of this farcical trial has ever been seen in this country, and have faith enough in the average nobility of the American people to believe that the future has no similar scourge in store.

#### A New Race of Claimants.

Since the little song, "Minnie Bell," has become famous, Judge Emerson, the author, has been the recipient of a good many very neat congratulations; but especially, capital jokes. It seems that about every lady—little and big, old as well as young—with whom he came in contact while rambling and climbing in the mountains,—where it was written,—as well as many others, imagine themselves "Minnie Bells," and write excitedly about it.

A lady, who constituted one of a small party, writes: "Oh, yes, I can see myself sliding down dear old peak, and disappearing, only to live again in song. If it's not too much of a desecration, allow me to imagine myself 'Minnie Bell.'"

Another middle-aged, yet romantic, writes: "You remember how near I came pulling you and ——— down the precipice, when I slipped from the rock? I wondered, when I first read the poem, if I did not know just *who* you meant. Shall I throw myself down the mountain yet, and make it true?"

A very cultured lady, daughter of a gentleman who stands very high in the educational interests of Colorado, who, with her cousin from Michigan, spent a day with the Judge's party rambling and climbing, writes: "Cousin Minnie is so affected that she cries every time she reads it. After you left she came near losing her life by a similar accident, and she is sure our rambles answer your description exactly. If there was no real 'Minnie Bell,' she is willing to commit suicide to be made immortal in song."

And then, a week or two later, "Cousin Minnie" ventured to write herself, saying: "Dear friend, I am afraid Cousin A—— wrote you what I said about 'Minnie Bell.' But as it is my name, and the circumstances so natural—except the death—pardon me, but, oh dear, could you really have been thinking of me when you wrote those beautiful words?"

Mrs. Gen. ——— writes from Denver: "My two little girls" (ages six and eight) "who tired you out last July climbing, have been greatly exercised about beautiful 'Minnie Bell' ever since I brought it from the book store. Minnie is sure you meant *her*, and Belle is sure you meant *me*. I heard it sung at a concert at Tabor Hall, but had no idea that you were the author until I went down town and purchased a copy. My husband joins me in congratulating you upon producing something very tender and beautiful. I have to sing it for him everytime we feel sad about the death of a dear one. We hope to greet you here again."

A little lady in the far New England, named "Minnie Belle," writes: "Oh, I am so glad! Now everybody is singing my name, and I shall never be forgotten!"

A dozen other letters, equally interesting could be quoted. We suppose the Judge allows each "claimant" to remain under the happy impression that *she* is the immortalized "Minnie." We understand he seriously contemplates employing a clerk to record the claims of the "claimants," for future adjudication.

#### From Des Arc.

Des Arc, Mo., Jan. 7th, 1882.

Ed. Register—

DEAR SIR: I thought I would write you a few lines this morning, hoping that you would give them space in your paper.

I noticed in your last issue a piece written by "Uncle Isaac," of this place, stating that he is on the point of starvation and that he now has to tramp it. This is not the first time he has been in that fix. Of course he needs help; but this time he will have to apply to

the County Court, like other paupers. Every one seems to be doing what they can towards a support.

I thought that our "Uncle" was dead, as the dogs have kept up such lamentable howls for the last month at this place.

Last Friday night, at the meeting of the Young Men's Literary Society, at the school house in Des Arc, "Uncle" made his appearance, and was chosen one of the judges. The question for discussion was, "Capital punishment is unjust, and should be abolished." The debate commenced, and "Uncle Isaac" went to sleep and snored. The President called for order, when "Uncle" raised up and asked, "What station is this?" and laid down again and continued his snoring. After the discussion was ended, the question was called for, when "Uncle Isaac" jumped up and cried out, "Capital punishment!" And he curled himself up in the corner saying to himself, "Away with Guiteau." As the congregation were leaving, the janitor found something on the floor. He thought it was a dog collar and put it in the stove; and he saw something in the corner which he took to be a dog, but when about to kick at it, "Uncle Isaac" jumped up and ran out, saying as he left: "That's rough on rats! Bless my life, I've swallowed my false teeth!" He don't know they put in the stove. So, now, Mr. Editor, if you see "Uncle Isaac" down about the county bridge between Ironton and Arcadia, tell him to come home; the County Court is not in session, and his false teeth are still at the school house—not injured much by fire.

Yours truly, MIKE DUGAN.

#### THE JAMES BOYS.

This Time They Make a Charge on the Station Agent at Neelyville, Mo.

Saturday at 7:30 P. M., mail train No. 7 on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern rail road stopped at Neelyville station and deposited passengers and the St. Louis mail. The bag was taken to the store, a block or so from the track, where the Post Office is located and was there opened by the proprietor of the establishment, who is also Postmaster. Each letter, parcel, package and paper was scanned and the name read aloud for the benefit of those present, as a crowd will always congregate while the mail is being distributed, and on this particular occasion the attendance was large, as the farmers and others in the neighborhood generally come in at the end of the week to make purchases and get their Sunday reading matter. Neelyville is on a cross road, the inhabitants numbering about one hundred, and is 151 miles from this city, being near the State line. The villagers until last Saturday had never had anything noteworthy happen there since the village was founded, twelve years ago.

While the crowd were in the store waiting for their mail, two black-robed villains walked into the Station Agent's sanctum, presented four pistols at his head and gave that old and familiar quotation, "Your money or your life." The Agent stood aghast for an instant; saw the long black robes which covered his two visitors from neck to foot, while each had a helmet on his head which came to the shoulders and consisted of a large-sized paper bag with two holes cut for the eyes. The desk was opened and all the money in sight, \$34, was transferred to the pockets of one of the strangers quite hurriedly, and then without saying another word they backed out, turned the corner and disappeared. A few moments thereafter the Agent recovered from his fear and gave the alarm, but it was too late, the robbers were gone.—[Monday's St. Louis Republican.]

#### No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. See another column.

Twenty-five second-hand SEWING-MACHINES for sale cheap. Apply to H. DAVIS.

Our Weather Report for 1882.

DATE.	TEMPERATURE.	WIND.	SKY.	RAINFALL.
Jan. 1	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 2	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 3	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 4	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 5	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 6	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 7	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 8	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 9	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 10	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 11	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 12	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 13	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 14	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 15	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 16	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 17	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 18	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 19	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 20	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 21	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 22	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 23	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 24	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 25	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 26	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 27	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 28	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 29	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 30	32	N.E.	B.	0.00
Jan. 31	32	N.E.	B.	0.00

The Light-Running Domestic is acknowledged to be the best Sewing Machine in the world. Buy one for your family for a present, and you will never regret it. The machine is beautiful, ornamental and durable. The attachments are all finely finished and heavy plated.

H. DAVIS, Agent.

# THE REGISTER

SALUTES ITS PATRONS, AND WISHES THEM

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

And for the small sum of \$1.50, will engage to visit them each week of 1882, bringing with it every time many desirable things.

## Our Job Office

Is now one of the best in Southeast Missouri, and we are enabled, by late additions of Presses and Material, to turn out the best of work, at St. Louis prices. We print, in city style, on short notice.



What shall I buy  
For my mother,  
For my father,  
For my sister,  
For my cousin,  
For my aunt,  
And for my—  
Mother-in-law?

## Predicament Solved!

See our novelties in fancy goods, millinery, cloaks, dolmans, jewelry, clocks, fancy slippers, silk handkerchiefs, and 1,000 other articles too numerous to mention.

### Hotson's Restaurant,

ONE DOOR NORTH OF FAIRCHILDS,

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

Meals at all Hours. Boarding by the Day or Week.

FRESH OYSTERS BY THE PLATE OR CAN.

ALSO, DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Canned Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Etc.

—BUYS—

Country Produce,

Game of All Kinds,

Hides, Peltries, &c.

—SELLS—

Lime and Cement,

Plastering Hair,

Quarried Rock, &c.

REMOVED TO PILOT KNOB.

LOUIS SCHWANER,  
Saddle & Harness Maker,

AND DEALER IN

CHAINS, COLLARS, WHIPS.

Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, &c.

Hacks and Carriages Covered

ON SHORT NOTICE!

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Two Doors South of Drug Store, PILOT KNOB, MO.

I have now in store a full and complete stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THESE GOODS ARE ALL NEW, AND

FIRST-CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS,

AND WILL BE SOLD AT THE.....

LOWEST PRICES!

Purchasers are invited to call and examine.

P. H. JAQUITH.

Pilot Knob, Oct. 1st, 1881.

CHRISTIAN DINGER.

HERMAN DINGER

Dinger Bros.,

PROPRIETORS

Depot Restaurant,

North Main Street, Ironton, Mo.

ALSO, DEALERS IN

Family Groceries.

EVERYTHING WARRANTED FRESH, PURE.

### THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY TIMES

has for more than forty years maintained its position as the leading paper of the West. It ranks above all others in circulation, influence, and in the esteem of its readers, because it is just the kind of paper the people want. The Weekly Times covers the whole ground of a first class family journal. It is larger and better than any high-priced weekly offered the public; its reading matter covers a greater scope, is more entertaining and instructive, and yet it costs

#### BUT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Our agents everywhere say it is the easiest paper in the field to canvass for, and readers of one year are so pleased that they are sure to renew their subscriptions. *Send paper.* Fifty-cent columns for one dollar a year, and the best liberal terms to club agents. Specimen copies free. Send for one before subscribing for any paper. Address Weekly Times, 20 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

### THE DAILY TIMES-STAR.

Eight pages, forty-eight columns. Only six dollars a year. \$3 for six months, \$1.50 for three months. Has the largest circulation of any paper in Cincinnati. Is the best advertising medium and the best paper for readers who would know of the world's doings as promptly as the news can be imparted. Address Times-Star, Cincinnati, O.

#### Trustee's Sale.

Whereas, Randolph Reed, by his deed of trust dated Dec. 10th, 1880, duly recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for the County of Iron and State of Missouri, in Book "X," on page 230, did convey to the undersigned trustee the following described tracts or parcels of land, lying and being in the County of Iron and State of

Missouri, viz.: The northwest quarter of the southwest quarter; also, the west half of the northwest quarter—all in section 14, township 30, range 4 east, containing one hundred and twenty acres more or less;

Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain note therein mentioned and described; and, where as, default having been made in the payment of said note; now, therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and in pursuance of the terms of said deed of trust, the undersigned trustee, will, on

Saturday, February 18th, 1882, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Ironton, Iron County, Missouri, between the hours of nine o'clock A. M. and five o'clock P. M. of that day, sell, at public vendue, the above described real estate to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said note and the costs and expenses of this trust. Jan 25th JAMES M. LOGAN, Trustee.

Probate Docket—Iron County, Mo. February Term A. D. 1882.—Monday, February 6, 1882, and First day of the term.

Estate of Gross, George, minor; John King, guardian. Ball, Thomas P., dec'd; Mary Hall, admx. Hayden, John F., dec'd; Frances F. Hayden, Koehner, Lena, minor; Franz Dinger, guardian. Koehner, Mary, minor; Koehner, William, minor; Koehner, Charles, minor; Koehner, Bertha, minor; Koehner, Henry, minor; Moser, Mary Nora, minor; Mrs. M. Moser, Myra, Mary, minor; George W. P. Myer, Nicholas, Isaac, dec'd; J. N. Semel, Adm. Pinkley, John, minor; Louisa Pinkley, guardian. Pinkley, James, minor; Russell, Flora A., minor; Wm. Bell, Wetzler, Augusta, minor; John A. Miller, Adm. Wetzler, George, minor; Wetzler, Frederick, minor; Ironton, Mo. Jan. 6th, 1882. JOHN F. T. EDWARDS, Judge of Probate.